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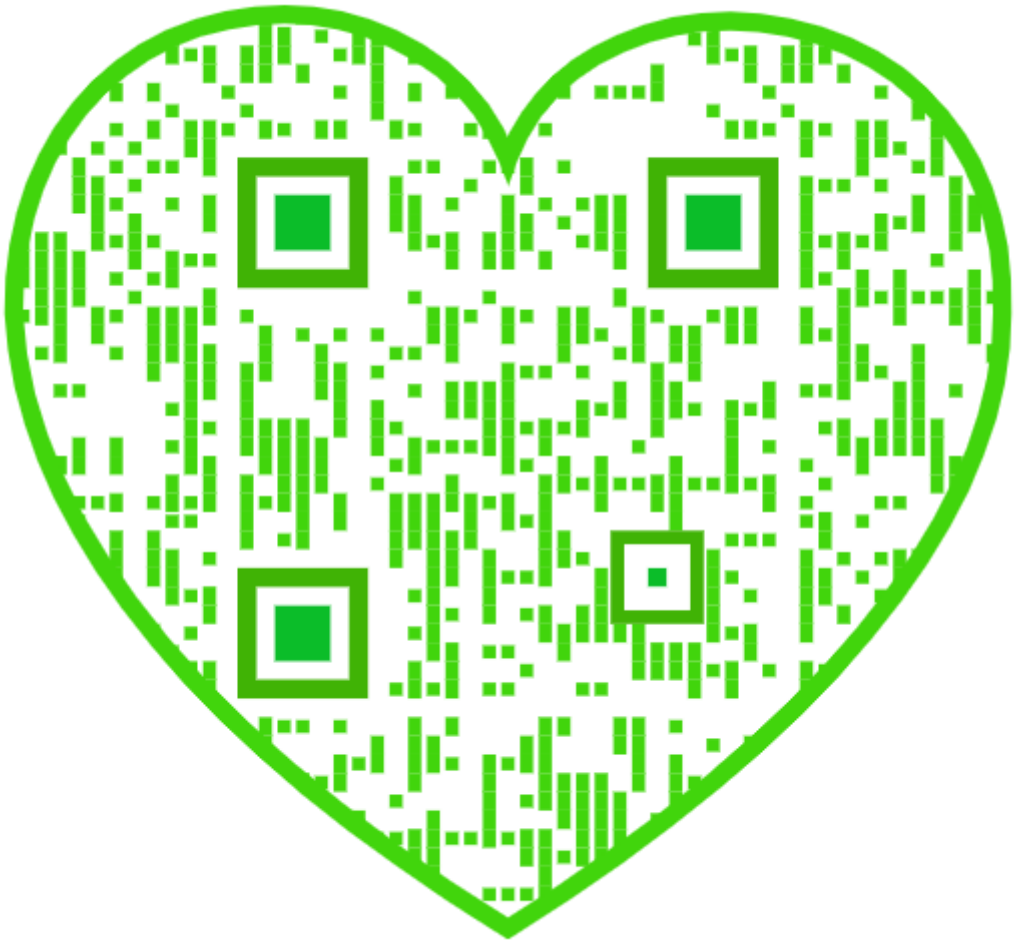
CHRISTMAS WANDERINGS.



CHRISTMAS WANDERINGS.

By H. M. Post

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'Tis Christmas, and the wintry scene
Is hushed beneath its hallowed spell,
A cottage near a wood is seen
With hill and dimpled vale and dell
Adrift with snow. An icy sheet
Spreads far and wide to yonder shore
Where youth and maid with tinkling feet
Skim all its frozen surface o'er.
Oh, there is nought in life so sweet
As Christmas, to those flying feet.

Out to a deep and grand old wood
They wandered on that Christmas-time,
Where sentinel like, a Chestnut stood
To guard the spot with strength sublime.
Beneath its limbs the rabbits play
Unfearing in that quiet hour;
Its clinging burrs with frosts are gray,
Emblem it stands, of might and power,
Oh, Christmas brings, on faith's strong wing
Tokens of love from everything.

Deeper and farther wandered they
Beneath the blue and sunny sky,
That Christmas-day, when far away
A forest reared it boughs on high.
A wild-wood rover there they found
Resting beside a mossy tree;
His fellow low upon the ground
Seems hushed in quiet revery,
Within that dell a Christmas spell
Upon the lonely woodsman fell.

Thus sped they on that Christmas-day
While air and sunshine softer grew,
Till Winter's icy bonds gave way
And all the earth and sky seemed new.
Home sailed they while the full orbed moon
Silvered the bridge that spanned them o'er.
To them the day had passed full soon,
But well they crowned the Christmas lore
That love and strength and hope and faith
Can conquer sorrow, sin and death.

H. M. Poole.

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